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PUCK.

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PICKINGS FROM PUCK

Price Twenty-Five Cents.

CONTENTS:

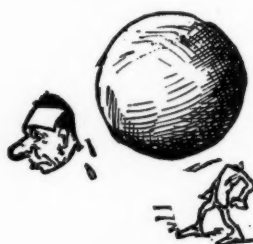
FIRST-PAGE CARTOON—Incorrigible.
 CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.
 Russia and the Royal Family—poem—illustrated.
 THE TOWN TERRIER.
 A Warning—poem.
 PUCKINGS.
 The Urbane Night-Editor—Paul Pastnor.
 Uncle Sam's Indian Supply—illustrated.
 Sandwiches.
 The New Alliance—"Me and My Pardner"—illus.
 Summer-Resort Notes.
 FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—No. CCLXXXII.—The
 Brooklyn Bridge.
 The Morals of the City Must be Preserved—illustrated.
 Signs of Summer.
 Rejected Addresses—The Tramp—poem.
 Curious Items—R. K. Munkittrick.
 CENTRE-PAGE CARTOON—The Grand Opening March
 Over the Brooklyn Bridge.
 God Save the Queen!
 The Union of the Cities—illustrated.
 PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.
 ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
 PUCK'S RURAL LOCALES.
 Southern Chivalrous Justice—illustrated.
 Them Lemon-Pies.
 LAST-PAGE CARTOON—The Coronation of the Czar—
 The Path to the Throne.
 PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

When you wish to buy a hat, you go to your hatter's, find one to suit you, pay your eight dollars and go away with your purchase on your head. It is a very simple matter, and causes no one—save yourself—any inconvenience. But there is a man in Russia who is to get a new hat this month, if certain other people in Russia will permit it, and the event is of such startling importance that the whole civilized world is interested. There are to be delegations of dignitaries from other countries to see him put the hat on, thousands of troops are to surround him while he goes through the performance, millions of money are to be spent in incidental celebrations—millions of money collected from the people at large. We wonder if it is all worth so much trouble and expense and anxiety.

It is true that the hat is of gold, studded with rare jewels. It is true that it is the symbol of power. But if it were the costliest of earth's possessions, if it symbolized the majesty of the might that rules a universe—would not the Czar of Russia be paying too heavy a price for a hat? Look at what that hat costs. The price of it is the misery of a people. Beggary, want, torture, agony, tyranny, degradation, ignorance, vice, wretchedness in every form—these make up Russia's sum of grief, and all these things must be because the Czar will wear that golden, jewel-studded hat which is called a crown. And yet, if, in the hour of the fulfillment of his mean ambition, this man is stricken down by the hand of vengeance, as is threatened to-day, there will be thousands of unthinking folk who will class the last despairing act of a crushed, hopeless, unrepresented people with the infamies of Irish agitators and the assassins of our own Presidents.

RUSSIA AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.



When the invitation
 To the Coronation

Came to Her Majesty Alexandrina Victoria, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, and of the Colonies and Dependencies thereof, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith, she remarked: "I'm sorree;
 But, you see,
 I have a little trouble with my knee, knee, knee."

And then the invitation
 To the Coronation

Came to His Royal Highness Albert Ed'ard, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Dublin, etc., etc., etc. Says he: "Oh, woe!

Don't y' know?

I can't go—

The gout has seized on my major toe."

So the invitation

To the Coronation

Came to His Royal Highness Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Kent, Earl of Ulster, Captain Royal Navy, etc., etc., etc., and he observed: "In me
 You see

A man extremely rheumatickee."

And then the invitation

To the Coronation

Came to His Royal Highness Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, Earl of Sussex, Captain 7th Hussars, etc., etc., etc., and he softly murmured: "My

Eye

Is not in condition a trip to try."

And thereupon the invitation

To the Coronation

Came to His Royal Highness Leopold George Duncan Albert, Duke of Saxony, etc., etc., etc., and he uplifted his vocal ophicleide, and said:

"My head

Confines me close to my little bed."

And finally the invitation

To the Coronation

Came back to Her Majesty Alexandrina Victoria, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, and the Colonies and Dependencies thereof, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc., etc., and she remarked in consternation: "Bless my soul!

Of the whole

Family, including Frederick William, Victor Albert, Albert Wilhelm Heinrich, Joachim Frederick Ernest Waldemar, George Frederick Ernest Albert, Ernest Louis Charles Albert William, Alfred Alexander William Ernest Albert, and the interesting crop of His Royal Highness Prince Frederick Christian Charles Augustus, of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, namely, viz., to wit: Christian Victor Albert Ludwig Ernest Anton and Albert John Charles Frederick Alfred George, and all the rest upon the Royal roll,

And a score

More

Whom I do not know,

Is n't there a single one to go?"

And then George Frederick Alexander Charles Ernest Augustus, K. G., Duke of Cumberland, ex-King of Hanover, [bounced.] got off his stool in the north-west corner of the establishment, and made a suggestion that was seconded by a man with ten names and carried unanimously, viva voce, sic itur ad astra, quousque tandem, per capita.

He said: "Darn it!

Let 's send Sir Garnet."

[To be continued after the explosion.]

To-morrow is Bridge-day. We mention this fact in case any of our readers may not be aware of it. It is not every day that a bridge to connect New York with Brooklyn is opened, so when such an event does come off we ought to make the most of it. And so we are going to make the most of it, as far as the firing of cannon, a military pageant and a display of fire-works go. We are glad that we are joined to Brooklyn. We rejoice for many reasons. It brings us closer to Beecher, to Talmage, and the greatest crowd of matinee girls on this continent. The only feature of to-morrow's festivities that will mar our pleasure is the thought that this great highway is to be opened to the world on the anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Victoria of Great Britain. It is sad—very sad indeed; but the trustees are immovable and decline to take our feelings into consideration.

Governor Butler enjoys the distinction of occupying more public attention than any other Governor in these United States. His methods are so odd, bold, radical and original that the party to which he now nominally belongs does not know what to make of him. Is he or is he not a Democrat? If he is a Democrat—that is to say, if he holds his position by Democratic votes—why does he cast all the Democratic traditions to the winds and go it alone? The truth is that Governor Butler is a party by himself, and is utterly beyond the reach of the conventional mode of disciplining for disobedience. The Democrats, now that they have had ample time to think about it, don't see quite as clearly as they did where the immense gain to the party comes in by the election of Ben Butler as Governor of the State of Massachusetts.

THE TOWN TERRIER.



"Tell me," said Mr. Jay Gould, as I was selling suspenders on Monday morning near the *Herald* office: "tell me the most approved method of inspiring people with confidence in one's integrity."

"Wait a moment, Jay," I replied, as I fitted President Arthur with a handsome pair of my best embroidered *bretelles*, price seventy-five cents. I turned round, but found that Jay was not there. He was already floating over Trinity Church in his nickel-plated snow-shoes.

"What will you give me for New York Central?" inquired a well-

known bear, as I was cleaning the windows of the Tombs the other morning.

After pondering for a few minutes, I said:

"One-hundred-and-thirty-eight."

"The road is yours!" he shouted.

This is why the Vanderbilts now talk about keeping a candy-store.

Edson and Low have arranged with me about the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, and everything is now quite ready. It is a profound secret, but, as it will come out sooner or later, I may as well mention it. Queen Victoria of England is to take part in the ceremony. She has at present a hall-bedroom at Sweeney's Hotel, and was smuggled over here in a Newcastle collier, in the hold of which she lived on nothing but coal and water for upward of three weeks. This is the reason why the trustees were so persistent in having the opening on the 24th of May.

His Holiness the Pope and myself had a game of billiards last evening in the Vatican Polo Grounds.

"What's the trouble, Leo," I said, as His Holiness seemed a little out of sorts: "you ain't mad because I made that eighty-five run?"

"Oh, no! that doesn't trouble me."

"What on earth can it be, then?" said I, encouragingly, as I poked him playfully in the ribs with my billiard-cue.

"Well, the fact is that I've been expecting a pair of slippers from Dr. Mary Walker for several years past, and I haven't got them yet."

"Come, Leo," I spoke, in my most soothing tones: "that mustn't worry you. Come over to the Quirinal saloon and I'll throw you for the drinks."

As I was flying out of my fourth-story-back window, to escape from the clutches of the Sheriff, I espied Jumbo, the well-known elephant, playing lawn-tennis with Mrs. Langtry. Although suspended in the air, and not knowing whether to descend or ascend, I could not refrain from extracting from my pocket a jeweled pen-knife and cutting a pumpkin presented me by the late Mrs. Smith, of Smithville.

While dancing a hornpipe on the telegraph-wires on Broadway, I espied Russell Sage making dirt-pies just in front of the Post-Office.

"Russ, old horse," I exclaimed: "come and have some lunch."

"I can't afford it," he said, sadly: "times

are too bad; but if you'll pay for *pâté de foie gras*, soft-shell crabs and spring-chicken, I don't mind if I do."

Mitchell and Sullivan, the celebrated pugilists, breakfasted with me at the Knickerbocker Club yesterday. The feast was extremely *recherché*, and none but first-class dudes were asked to meet my guests. We had what is called in fashionable circles "*un déjeuner d'artifice*"—an artificial breakfast. We had oilymargarine for butter, red lead for Cayenne pepper, gelatine for jam, ground nut-shells for spice, Canadian peas for coffee, logwood and water for Portwine, blackberry-leaves for tea, cabbage-leaf cigars, and roast donkey for spring-lamb. It was a most enjoyable entertainment, and both pugilists assured me that they should in future always train on such fare.

"Hello, Dud; what are you doing now?" I yelled last night, as I was driving my hippopotamus four-in-hand to the moon and saw Charles Dudley Warner walking on his head.

"Nothing very much," he said: "I'm trying to get some new brilliant and humorous ideas for editing 'The Drawer,' in *Harper's Magazine*."

A WARNING.

Be not too fresh, Childe Pulitzer,
Too previous, too brash!
For many a man as smart as you—
As smart, and eke as brash—
Ere this upon Salt River's bank
His checks has had to cash.

You come, you come, Childe Pulitzer,
From out y^e boundless West,
The region where, we understand,
No man e'er takes a rest.
Where all y^e buildings and y^e lies
Are thirteen stories high,
And where for breakfast, folk do serve
Y^e oyster-stew and Pie.

Oh, come not here to teach too much!
Childe Pulitzer, come not so
To men who forgot ere you were born
More 'n you will ever know.
And if you think that New York be slow,
You were wise to go also slow.

Oh, seek not to teach your g.mother
To eviscerate y^e egg;
For fear that you be keyed suddenly down
By y^e measure of a peg.
Oh, teach not you y^e graybeard Chas.,
Dana yclept likewise,
For if you would attain that end
Matutinal must you rise.

Oh, spread not y^e *World* too thick with "I"s,
Nor exploit yourself too free,
For y^e public's interest is not great
In your personalitee—
As it is, for instance, let us say
In that of C. A. D.

We like to hear of that good old man,
Or whether he come or go,
We list to gossip about his hair
And his beard as white as snow;
But nobody giveth y^e frolicsome dⁿ
If you wear a beard or no.

Be not too brash, Childe Pulitzer,
Be not too Western-wise;
It is some years ere first we oped
Our innocent infant eyes.
Oh, tame your haughty spirit's fire,
Tune softly your bazoo,
Lest our harsh Eastern climate bring
A cold, cold day for you.

Puckerings.

BUT YET A WOMAN—Dr. Mary Walker.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL—Broken Glass.

THE ROSEATE FLUSH OF YOUTH—Five Hearts.

SENSIBLE IRISH AGITATION—Agitating a Potato-Field.

NOW THE airy woodland walks delightful are,
And of stories of a snake the daily papers quite full are.

VERY SOON will the enterprising bootblack's heart sink within him, as he observes men walking around the city in canvas shoes.

IF THERE is anything in this world that sets a man deranged with anger, it is to find his lathering-brush full of sand, and learn that his boy has been painting things with it.

WHEN THE little children begin to float off into the golden ultimately in a month or six weeks, would it not be poetical, as well as true, to allude to the mournful exodus as the apple-crop?

SIR JOHN SUCKLING once rhymed "Newly" with "July." He did it with impunity, too; he was not lynched. The times were wonderfully different in his day from what they are at present.

A SHARP FARMER might be enabled to escape the annual visits of city relatives in summer if he would only leave his place in charge of the hired man, and come to the city and reside in a cheap boarding-house during the heated term.

THE PHILADELPHIA *Times* prints an article called "Tourists' Pests," in which it states that travelers in Florida suffer greatly from snakes. We would, therefore, advise people traveling down there to take quinine straight for their chills.

AND NOW, as the base-ball season advances and the hot weather begins to set in, the long-headed druggist smiles from ear to ear as he contemplates the rich harvest he is likely to reap out of the stock of arnica and fly-paper he laid in last winter at reduced rates.

A YOUNG LADY writes to ascertain how many lemons are required to make a lemon-pie. That depends altogether upon the pie. If a baker's pie, we should say one lemon would make about six pies, and there would be enough lemon left to make a pint of lemonade. The bakers make their lemon-pie of dough, just as the circus fraternity makes its lemonade of water. We should, therefore, unblushingly say that it takes just as much lemon to make a baker's pie as it does to make a glass of circus-lemonade.

NOW THE days are getting bright,
Now the swell doth sport the white
Hat he bought of Espenscheid,
Now the ed. the pote doth smite,
Now the ulster's played out quite,
Now the May-wine doth invite,
Now the iceman naught doth blight,
Now the pote doth odes indite,
Now the circ. is at its height,
Now the small boy flies the kite,
Now the goats begin to fight,
Now the brewer shows his might,
Now the plumber's sad as night,
Now the land's a lovely sight,
Now the actor's in a plight,
Now at four o'clock it's light.

THE URBANE NIGHT-EDITOR.

When I was a very young man, I happened to have a piece printed in a city newspaper, and a marked copy was sent me. I have used the shears and paste-pot a good many years since then, but I doubt if I was ever so "stuck up" in my life as when I removed the brown wrapper from that metropolitan journal and saw my familiar effort in print. I immediately became possessed of the idea that what I didn't know about journalism wasn't worth knowing. I was exalted beyond measure, and carried my head so high for two days that I saw nothing below the tops of the trees, and took about as many "headers" over projecting roots and curb-stones as the amateur bicyclist.

Finally, I could contain my largeness no longer, and resolved to lavish a portion of my abounding wisdom upon the editorial staff of the little daily paper published in my native town. So, one evening, about eight o'clock, I ascended the rickety stairs leading to the sanctum of the aforesaid organ, and presented myself at the dingy, smoke-stained doorway of the editorial room. It was occupied by a young man about ten or twelve years my senior, who sat with his feet up on a paper-strewn table, smoking a cigar.

I stood for a moment or two, waiting for him to notice my presence. He seemed to be used to interruption, I thought—or else he was extremely insensible to moving bodies. His indifference chafed my dignity somewhat, and I tapped my foot on the threshold. At this he looked up quickly, and, with great dexterity availing himself of one of his associate's rubbers as a spittoon, exclaimed:

"Ah, good-evening! What can we do for you?"

"Oh, nothing much," I replied, somewhat abashed at his business-like manner, and taking the chair which he—did not offer: "I—I thought I might do something for you."

"Ah, thanks—extremely obliged," (catching up a pad of note-paper): "You have an item for us, I presume?"

"Well—hardly. I wanted to talk with you a little about the newspaper business."

The pad went down with a slam on the table, and the young man leaned back, closed his eyes, and enveloped himself in great volumes of cabbage-leaf smoke. After waiting some time for an invitation on his part to proceed, I finally ventured the question:

"You are the editor, aren't you?"

"Yes—the night-editor."

"Well, now—I don't want to be presumptuous, but don't you think yourself that the *Bangle* might be improved—"

"Presume so."

"I have had something to do with the city papers, and am acquainted with the methods of those who write for them, and I—I shouldn't wonder if I could give you a little advice that would be a good thing for the paper."

"Out with it—time's limited."

"Well—in the first place, I don't like the way you conduct your local columns—too much minor mention, as you might say, and not enough important news. For instance, your leading item in this morning's edition is: 'Lilacs are in bloom,' whereas the *New York Times* has a long account of a murder in the heart of the city; and—"

"Was there a murder in Brownsville yesterday?"

"No."

"Well, then, how in — could we have an account of one?"

"Well, that is not exactly what I mean. Of course you couldn't say anything about a murder if there wasn't one, but you might have struck something more incendiary than a lilac bloom."

"What, for instance?"

"Well—I don't know. It isn't my business, going around and hunting up items. But I only wanted to pass this criticism on the *Bangle*, that's all."

"Well, let it pass. What else have you to talk about?"

"Well, your editorials. They don't rank at all with first-class literary productions. They are too short and hashy. You get done with 'em too quick. They aren't *sonorous* enough, as you might say. They haven't the swing and rhythm and polish of—of—"

"A school-boy's graduation piece?"

"Well, yes—though I don't know as I ought to say it, being the valedictorian of our class. But, really, I believe I could write an editorial that would attract some attention, if I—"

I was surprised by the scribe's politely handing me a large pad of blank paper, and pushing his chair one side that I might draw up to the table.

"Fire ahead," said he.

"Fire ahead!" exclaimed I: "Why, what do you mean?"

"You politely insinuated that you could beat us all hollow on writing editorials. We want one for to-morrow's *Bangle*. Draw up here and shoot it off."

"But—but, I can't do these things off-hand, you know, without a subject and without previous preparation."

"Well, I'll give you a subject—the very one I was going to write on myself: 'Dynamite and the Dublin Trials.' There you are. Now give us three-quarters of a column of swinging, sonorous, rhythmic eloquence, and dash it off in a masterly hurry, for in fifteen minutes the compositors will be howling for copy."

I sat and looked at the urbane night-editor, as he leaned back and blew the vegetable exhalation from his lips toward the ceiling. A gentle smile seemed to play beneath his grizzled moustache.

"We all do it," he murmured, softly, as though speaking more to himself than to his bewildered auditor: "Time and the typo wait for no man."

I arose and laid the ponderous pad upon the table.

"Ah, do not leave us!" cried the night-editor: "Stay, gentle vision, stay! Melt not thusly upon the voiceless silence of the night."

But I was melting.

"Well, if you must go, stranger, waft back in dulcet accents, how much copy hangs on yonder hook?"

Just then a compositor met me face to face, and smote my senses with a foul yell—"COPY!"

I looked back, and saw the urbane night-editor handing the first "take" of an editorial to the fiend, and in my astonishment I fell down-stairs.

PAUL PASTNOR.

SANDWICHES.

TRULY, TIME, like a bad euchre-hand, bringeth all things to pass. The year 1883 will go "thundering down the ages" as being the year in which two great works were completed, the Brooklyn Bridge and Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration."

IT IS now the season when the young man buys a city map, marks on it with a blue pencil the places in the locality of his girl's residence where ice-cream and soda-water are sold, and carefully studies it to avoid them in his moonlight ramblings with her.

REV. C. D. BELL, D. D., remarks in the *New York Observer*: "Night has its songs. It needs not much imagination to catch the melody." Right you are, Rev. C. D. Bell, D. D., right you are; but the listener thinks more about catching the bootjack than the melody.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING says:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out."

Sir John did not live in the great Phoenix City of the West, or he would have become a howling maniac while endeavoring to construct an appropriate simile.

NOW ROMANTIC maidens roam,
And the beer begins to foam,
And the plumber for the sea-side leaves his biz,
biz, biz;
And the druggist rubbeth up
Every soda-water cup,
And he gently grabs a nickel for his fizz, fizz,
fizz.

THERE ARE many things in this country of ours which bring a burning sense of shame to every true patriotic heart; but the darkest blot upon our fair civilization is the two inches of foam which floats, light as a youthful poet's dream, upon the swallow of beer for which five cents is extorted from a helpless people by the aristocratic slinger of confused drinks—"confused" because they are mixed up.

A GREAT PHILOSOPHER once remarked that it was difficult to tell the difference between a dog and a rose. We know a young man, who does n't plunge very deeply into metaphysics, either, who says he detected quite a difference between the rose his girl was giving him at the front-gate and the dog the old man was giving him in the rear, with a catapult attachment in the shape of a number thirteen double-soled beveled-edge W. and H. grade boot.

THETUS.

UNCLE SAM'S INDIAN SUPPLY—



WEST POINT SPRING-LAMB.

THE NEW ALLIANCE.—"ME AND MY PARDNER."



THE MAJOR:—"HERE'S DESTRUCTION TO CLEVELAND, JUDGE."
THE JUDGE:—"O'M WID YE, MEEJOR!"

SUMMER-RESORT NOTES.

HOW THE HOTEL-KEEPERS ARE PREPARING FOR THE SEASON.

THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS will be tinted a fashionable cream color this year.

MOUNT WASHINGTON has been lowered several feet, for the benefit of asthmatic climbers.

AT SOUTHAMPTON, L. I., this year, the size of the summer-boarders' cells is to be reduced to 3x7.

IT IS PROPOSED to abolish the corkage dues on breathing at several of the Long Branch hotels.

GOWANUS RIVER, vulgarly called the Canal, offers a charming place for moonlight rowing-parties.

RYE BEACH, N. H., has been straightened out, and all obstacles to its popularity are thus removed.

NEWPORT IS having Bellevue Avenue paved with silk plush, in anticipation of the advent of the dudes.

THE FINEST Para Rubber is used in the construction of the clams to be served at Coney Island this summer.

THE WATERS at Richfield Springs will this year be several degrees nastier than ever. An increased influx of visitors is therefore confidently expected.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., is to be supplied with a new patent noiseless praying-machine, which will not disturb the calm and sweetness of the devotees' flirtations.

CAPE MAY is likely to be crowded as soon as Philadelphians learn that the summer is here. This they will probably discover somewhere in August or September.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., offers unusual attractions to summer sojourners desirous of educating children of tender years, as there is an excellent primary school there, kept by a Mr. Harvard.

LONG BEACH has been extended by the addition of nearly a peck of sand, and the surf, which was in an unfinished condition last summer, will hereafter roll regularly, and will be carefully kept moist.

THE THOUSAND ISLES, although by the last census they show up only 999, are a charming places to visit. It is a numerous collections of island, and they is embowered in luxuriant foliage, besides which it are situated in the middle of a magnificent river, and are as healthful as it is delightful.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLXXXII.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



Ya-as, quite a pwodigious undah-taking, 'pon my soul. I wemembah, when first I twod on the *terwa firma* of this countwy, I expwessed a considerwable amount of surpwise at seeing, on both sides of one of the wiv-ahs he-ah, two stone

stwuctures, which I was informed were the piers of what was to be a wathah large suspension-bwidge—the kind of thing, yer know, they have aw at Clifton, ne-ah Bwistol, and at othah places, only the sp:n is verwy much gweatah he-ah.

The longah I wemained in the immediate neighborhood of New York, I observed that this bwidge gwadually gwew, and that thick cables and a verwy extensive net-work of wire were hung between the aw stone arwancements weferwed to. The thing is now completed, and to-morwow it is to be opened with appwopwiate cervemonies.

The chief engineer is, I believe, a fellow of the name of Woebling. Fwom a cursorwy glance, I think the work does him a fai-ah amount of cwedit.

I have aw been invited to be pwesent at the opening to-morwow, and perwhaps I shall go, just to indicate my wecognition and appweciation of the aw compliment.

Ya-as, I wathah imagine I shall go with a considerwable degwee of satisfaction, because the affai-ah will take place on the birthday of Her Most Gwacious Majesty Queen Victor-wi-ah. Deusid handsome, I must say, on the part of the authorwities, to have appointed such a day faw the purpose, and I shall make it my business to wite to the Queen to let her know how anxious Amerwicans are to show their stwong wegard for her and Gweat Bwitain.

I have alweady conveyed my personal thanks to the twustees, and I feel quite sure that a numbah of telegwams fwom the membahs of the woyal family will be weceived by the Mayors of New York and Bwooklyn expwessing gwatification at the compliment.

It is aw little, twifling courtesies of this kind that pwomote such good feeling, and make Amerwicans wegwet that they ewah had the bad taste to webel against the Government of Gweat Bwitain. But it is useless being sorwy faw what cannot verwy well be wemedied.

I have a stwong dislike to pwocessions and extensive festivities; I shall therfaw be wathah glad when the affai-ah is ovah. The thundah of the artillerwy and the blare of twumpets and beat of dwums, when the Pwesident and the Governah weach the main span of the bwidge, and the parwade of the militiah will baw me excessively, and perwhaps give me a head-ache; and then, too, I may have to meet those horwidy vulgah and unpwincipled Aldermen. Wewspectable Amerwicans tell me that these cweachahs do not wepwesent the wate-payahs at all; but they are powerless to pwevent their being ewected.

On the whole, therfaw, the pwospect faw to-morwow is not unqualifiedly gwatifying; but, aftah all, it will be verwy convenient to be able in fuchah to varwy the wegion in which to take an airwing, and dwive ovah to Bwooklyn and avoid those beastly ferwy-boats. These arwancements make such a terwible wow and wacket when they arwive at their piers that one might almost imagine that Bedlam had bwoken loose aw.

THE MORALS OF THE CITY MUST BE PRESERVED.



YOU CAN'T BE A CHINAMAN AND A BILLY MCGLODY, TOO.

SIGNS OF SUMMER.

When the small boy swaps his skates off for a base-ball—

When the grizzled fakir sells ten-cent canes to the dude on Broadway—

When the festive youth appears on the street in a white cravat at 11 A. M.—

When a man purchases a lot of fishing-tackle, and spends the day on the dock—

When the pot-hunter goes out and shoots robins among the cherry-blossoms—

When a man starts off for the country with a couple of pineapples in his hand—

When a person can't walk past a seed-store without tripping over a lawn-mower—

When the barber sharpens up his horse-clippers to give his customers a close crop—

When families start out on Sunday to spend the day rustivating around High Bridge—

When a man begins to leave his light overcoat at home when he starts in the morning—

When the rural editor states that he has been presented with the first watermelon of the season—

When the dog goes swimming, and comes out and rolls on the sand until he almost wears his back out—

When the swell takes his last year's suit to be pressed, and his last year's Oxford-ties to be re-soled and heeled—

When the peripatetic advertisement of the "hat to prevent sunstroke" appears on the leading thoroughfares—

When the improvident young man thinks he will be very rich next winter, and gives his ulster to a poor relative—

When the suburban resident comes to the conclusion that his cottage ought to be painted bottle-green, with brick-red trimmings—

When the impecunious young man says he will make his Derby last until straw-hat time, and his high shoes until Oxford-tie time—

When the demure little teacher of a Sunday-school class calls around to see if she can sell you a few tickets for a strawberry-festival—

When the lady of the house looks across the sugar-bowl at her lord, who is at the other end of the table, and says: "Where shall we go this year?"—

When the actor arrives in the city on his feet, is out of an engagement, and stands around Union Square all day, waiting for some one to treat him—

When the rural joker tells of the young man who attends a picnic in lavender trousers and sits on a custard-pie—

When a man is seized with a wild desire to give up his city residence and go off into the country and become a farmer—

When the young swell takes out the straw hat of last summer and tries to make himself believe it will do for the coming season—

When the manufacturer of a patent-medicine for malaria gets up a big regatta, and offers cash prizes sufficiently large to induce all the crack oarsmen to compete—

When the authorities command all owners of dogs to put muzzles on them, and the dogs keep under cover to evade the vigilance of the Arabs sent forth to garner them—

When the merchant removes from his portal the sign bearing the legend, "Shut the Door," and puts in its stead: "After June 1st this place will close at 3 P. M. on Saturdays—

When red lemonade is ladled out on Broadway at a cent a glass, and the green apple bends the small boy until he looks like an interrogation-point mixed up in the cover of the *Century Magazine*—

And
When Clara Vere de Vere goes to her paustere, and says it her heart would cheer, and make her feel very gay, if he would right away, in this blooming month of May, buy her a set of croquet—

Then we may know that Summer is near at hand.

REJECTED ADDRESSES—NEW VERSION.

THE TRAMP.

As spring doth gently on us steal,
The tramp is looking for a meal;
At each house he makes a call,
With his accustomed unwonted gall.

With an innocent smile so bland,
He takes the coats from each hat-stand,
And then goes sadly on his way,
And never has a word to say.

He always sleeps within the park;
Long after dogs have hushed their bark,
And the "cop" his nap is taking,
The tramp from cold is vainly shaking.

I want to write another verse,
But I'm afraid 't will make it worse;
Although the tramp is not a saint,
He is an artist, though not with paint. E. M.

CURIOUS ITEMS.

(SUCH AS APPEAR IN OUR RURAL CONTEMPORARIES.)

A dog was recently born at Natchez, Miss., with his ears cut.

A Meriden, Conn., horse curry-combs himself every morning and puts on his own harness. He also washes the wagon and does his own blacksmithing.

There is a man living out at Cairo, Ill., who has a horse he is so extremely fond of that before he turns him out to pasture he sends a boy forth with a bucket of Mayonnaise dressing to spread on the clover.

Minneapolis has a bull-dog who grows thin and refuses to watch and fight unless fed on percussion-caps. He likes to place them on the ends of his eye-teeth and make them go off by suddenly bringing his jaws together.

While a book-agent was looking out of an open car-window at a hail-storm in Kentucky, recently, he was struck by what he at first considered a hail-stone, but which turned out to be a collar-button he had lost three summers ago on the top of Pike's Peak.

The present sensation at Bellows Falls, Vt., is a living red lobster. He is kept in an aquarium. He is very fond of music, and has a small set of bells of various sizes that fit his claws. When feeling pretty well, he crawls up on a cake of ice, lies on it on his back, and plays the latest popular airs as well as could any Swiss bell-ringing troupe.

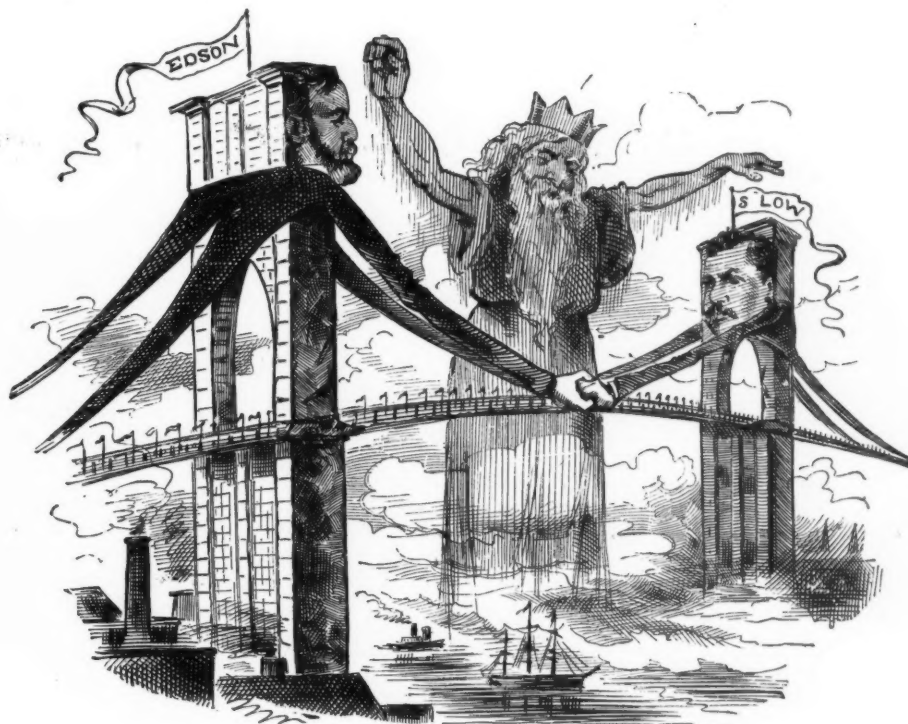
A tavern-keeper in central Indiana has a pet bear whose skin is kept on by a row of buttons that runs along his stomach. The bear frequently stands on his hind-legs and takes his skin off and puts it on like an overcoat. In the summer-time he has an artificial skin, which is very light and corresponds with the duster worn by traveling salesmen during the heated term.

A strange story is told of a snake out in Wisconsin. The snake, it seems, is very fond of gardening, and will do anything to work around a place. It lies on the beds and pulls up weeds with its teeth. It was recently seen to swallow a rake-handle and fasten its tail around the limb of a tree. After this it drew itself up, and then let itself down in such a manner that it succeeded in raking a flower-bed in as neat style as any gardener could have done it. On being killed and opened, it was found to contain a bound volume of the *Rural New Yorker* and "Peter Henderson's Catalogue of Seeds and Garden Implements."

While a mule was standing on the side of a road, up in Poughkeepsie, grazing, he noticed a number of cows walking in the direction of an opening in the fence. The fence, it appears, was being repaired, and the man who was doing the work left for his dinner when there were but six more pickets to nail on to complete the job. The mule, seeing the cows approach, and knowing that the garden, which had just been finished, would be trampled upon and ruined, headed the cows off and got to the aperture first. The carpenter's tools were lying on the ground, and the mule quickly filled his mouth with nails, and, taking six pickets in one fore-paw and the hammer in the other, nailed the pickets on as well and as quickly as any experienced workman could have done.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE UNION OF THE CITIES.



FATHER NEPTUNE:—"BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!"

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

HOW HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY
WAS OBSERVED.

THE LOYAL COLONY OF NEW YORK.

VICTORIA'S FAITHFUL SUBJECTS DO
HER HONOR.

A BRIDGE OPENED.

PUCK'S SPECIAL REPORT.

All for 10 Cents.

NEW YORK, May 23rd, 1883.

In order to lay before our readers a full report of to-morrow's proceedings, we found it necessary to obtain a special permit from the Time Bureau. This has enabled us to get a very fine view of to-morrow's ceremonies, and we have thus, as usual, managed to beat all of our more or less esteemed contemporaries clean out of their boots.

At sunrise the Royal Standard was hoisted on Tammany Hall and other public buildings, while at the same moment Her Britannic Majesty's Royal Fenian Invincible Artillery, under the command of Lord Sir John Boyle O'Reilly, K. C. B., fired an imperial salute of a hundred-and-one guns in the Prince of Wales Park, near the Royal City Hall.

Great enthusiasm was manifested by Her Majesty's most loyal of loyal subjects, the inhabitants of New York, and on all sides might be heard inquiries as to the condition of the Queen after the recent untoward accident to the regal shin.

The bayonets of the Seventh Regiment (Prince Arthur's Own) gleamed in the sun in Gramercy Park before the mansion of Earl Field, K. G., Goldstick-in-Waiting to Her Majesty. His Grace the Duke of O'Donovan Rossa, K. T., the well-known and illustrious leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, took com-

mand of the troops. He was surrounded by a brilliant staff, among whom were Lord Richelieu Robinson de Brooklyn, K. P., Equerry-in-Ordinary; General Viscount Kelly of Tammany, K. P.; and Her Majesty's Private Secretary and Page-of-the-Back-stairs, Sir William Henry Hurlburt, G. C. M. G.

The drums beat. There was for a minute a breathless silence when His Royal and Imperial Highness Ulysses, Prince of America and its Dependencies and Viceroy of the British Empire in the West, appeared on the scene, attended by Earl Field and the Knickerbocker and St. Nicholas Dude Brigades, under the command of the Master of the Horse, Field-Marshal de Dancey Cain.

The Right Honorable the Lord Mayor Edson, attended by the Right Worshipful the Aldermen, with their Chaplain, the Right Reverend Sir Robert Ingersoll, advanced and proceeded to read an address of congratulation to the Prince Viceroy Ulysses, in which he begged leave, on behalf of the citizens of New York, to assure the Queen of their ardent loyalty and attachment to her throne and person. After the reading was finished there arose tumultuous and enthusiastic cheers, the bands of the Royal Sixty-ninth Horse Marines playing "God Save the Queen," "Rule Britannia" and "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

The procession, after promenading Broadway, dispersed, and Her Majesty's loyal subjects surrendered themselves to enjoyment. The only games allowed by royal proclamation were polo, cricket and horse-racing. No base-ball or "knocking-out" matches were permitted under pain of instant death.

Sumptuary regulations were also enforced to a certain extent, B.-and-S., 'arf-and-'arf, gin-and-rum, 'ot, "shandygaff," and "igh game" being on the non-prohibited list.

In the evening, just after the display of fire-works, a few citizens, in the exuberance of their delight at the glorious day's proceedings, wended their way to a neighboring creek to see a small bridge opened. It was a dull affair, and not of the slightest importance.

It is truly most gratifying to find that, separated as this country is from its motherland by three thousand miles of ocean, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria has no subjects more loyal than the inhabitants of New York and Brooklyn.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

Mr. H. M. Pitt's excellent company has found its way over the bridge to Brooklyn, and is now appearing at HAVERLY'S in his two New York successes, "Caste" and "The Two Roses." This reminds us that at HAVERLY'S NEW YORK THEATRE Haverly's United and Consolidated American and European Mastodonic Minstrels are as mastodonic as ever. "The Muddy Day," at the THEATRE COMIQUE, is done for the present—not on account of the public's apathy, but for the reason that Messrs. Harrigan and Hart crave for rest. Clara Morris is playing in "Article 47" at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, while "The Princess of Trébizonde" more than holds its own at the CASINO, under the management of Mr. McCaull.

At Henderson's STANDARD THEATRE, "Satanella; or, the Power of Love," seems to have the power of drawing good audiences with its simple melodies and beautiful costumes. Mr. Salmi Morse, having abandoned the idea of producing "The Passion" at his TWENTY-THIRD STREET THEATRE, has turned his attention to a spectacular comedy entitled "A Bustle Among Petticoats." So far no clergymen have objected to the performance. We have not as yet seen it; but we are informed it is highly amusing and well adapted for this season of the year. A stroll into the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE has convinced us that there is nothing left to do but to make the stereotyped announcement: "A Russian Honey-moon" is still running there.

The military pageant of "Her Atonement," with brass-band and drum-corps, attracts lovers of martial scenes to NIBLO'S GARDEN, even if it does not satisfy completely the dramatic student. The Callender real and clever negro minstrels have given place, at the COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE, to Haverly's English Opera Company, in "The Merry War." "Bob," who is described as "a wild flower transplanted to a conservatory," is by Mr. Fred Marsden, and gives Lotta once more an opportunity of showing what she can do in her particular line of parts at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. "Standing Room Only" is the legend that appears in front of the SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE nightly, and there is scarcely anyone in New York who does not use the catch-word "Front," that is so frequently employed in "A Bunch of Keys, or The Hotel."

"Fair Helen" Barry, at the UNION SQUARE THEATRE, has not yet fired Troy, like her Homeric namesake; but she has fired with admiration all the theatre-going people of New York who nightly assemble in goodly numbers to see the fine, tall, sweet-faced and pleasant-voiced Lancashire lass who married *Dick Arkwright*, the inventor of the "spinning-jenny." She will remain here all this week, and to-day, at a matinee, she will let us see what she can do in fine comedy by appearing in Tom Robertson's admirable piece, "The Ladies' Battle."

A little of "Arrah na Pogue," a little of "The Shaughraun," and a little of several others of Mr. Dion Boucicault's successes form the play now acting at the STAR THEATRE, entitled "The Amadan." But the mosaic is not a success. At times some of the old Boucicaultian skill in construction and bright dialogue are apparent, but they are but flashes among dullness and improbability. Dion Boucicault, jr., as the half-witted boy *Colley*, shows much dramatic talent; but the old man's hand has lost its cunning.

Answers for the Anxious.

R. R. J.—Why not?

HASELTINE.—Meet her on the Bridge.

SZARDEK.—Try again—somewhere else.

G. B. C.—Glad you liked it. It was done, however, for the sake of poetry, pure and simple.

S. G., Mt. Healthy.—No, sweet friend, the Sundays out your way may be bright, but you don't "don" your "new pants so light"—not in PUCK. In these columns you have either to wear trousers or to stay indoors.

A JERSEYMAN.—Just caught on to the Dude, eh? Think he's something humorous, do you? Well, Jerseyman, it may appear strange to you, but the same idea has occurred to several people before you struck it. There is more or less literature about the Dude floating around, here and there, and your contribution to it might get lost in the crowd, so we have salted it carefully away in a wicker coffin.

E. P., Boston, Mass.—We don't want any more Dude literature, unless it is of prime merchantable quality. We regret to say that your poem hasn't that distinction. And as to notifying you by postal-card, let us reprint for your benefit law 1, Book 1, of the Medes and Persians:

We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one-hundred-and-fifty times more.



THE GRAND OPENING MARCH
PUCK Follows the Example of the Illustrated Newspapers, and Gives an Actual Picture



ARCHER OVER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.
 is an American Picture of the Event One Day Before It Takes Place—and Don't You Forget It!

PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATENT-INSIDES.

[These notices will be found thoroughly trustworthy, and may be safely used by any country weekly.]

Elder Casey's wife had a chill last Thursday.

Old Mrs. Gower had a sick head-ache the day before yesterday.

Rev. Brother Stiles left for New York yesterday on the 10:40 train.

If you want a nice-fitting, easy set of teeth, go to Barker, on Main Street.

The Presbyterian Church has postponed its strawberry-festival until the 25th.

Selectman Mugg had his hair cut last Thursday, at about five in the afternoon.

Prayer-meeting night will be changed, after this week, from Tuesday to Thursday.

Miss Mary Jones, of Lumbertown, is visiting her cousin, Lou Snyder, in Pell Street.

A good second-hand piano for sale cheap at B. Niess's oyster-house, in Clark Street.

Johnny Smith is home again. His short visit to his aunt Jane at Mudgetown has done him good.

The social event of Quogue next week will be the marriage of Miss Mamie Schott to Col. Whitley, of Jonestown.

Miss Minnie Sause is entertaining friends from Logtown.

Special meeting to-night of the Quogue Typographical Union over Mel Lawson's hardware-store.

A party went out yesterday to gather wild flowers in Plumber's Woods. This looks like spring.

Rusband's is the place to buy ready-made clothes. They offer great bargains in seventy-five-cent pants.

Smith & Linton have just received a large invoice of straw hats. They will have a grand opening next Wednesday.

Old Lem Todkins will turn the basement under his grocery-store into a first-class ice-cream saloon next month, and run it for the summer.

Miss Leonora Fitzroy's legions of friends will be very sorry to learn that she singed her beautiful golden bangs while lighting a lamp the other day.

John Stiles's dog Jack removed a package of meat from Deacon Smith's coat-tail pocket while the latter was looking in a photographer's show-case yesterday.

Mrs. Brower, the fashionable *modiste* of Pell Street, makes a specialty of revamping old clothes and making them look as good as new. See her card in another column.

THEM LEMON-PIES.

"Lish Higgins, be you a-goin' *daown*-street after them lemons, or be you not?" demanded old Mrs. Higgins of her son and heir, one hot afternoon in June.

Lish, who had been loitering about the barn waiting for his own particular hen to lay an egg, drawled out a nasal affirmative, peered once more into the manger, and then slowly made his way toward the village store in quest of the golden fruit required for the pies which his mother wished to bake for Parson Elderkin's Donation Party.

The good people of the First Baptist Church of Goshen had determined to visit upon the innocent head of Parson Elderkin the infliction commonly known as a donation party, and Mrs. Higgins—she that was Almira Martin—saw in the event a chance to distinguish herself above her neighbors and fellow church people.

"I guess them Larrabees 'ull feel meaner 'n skimmed milk when they see the pies I'll hev at the donation," said Mrs. Higgins, scornfully, as she "shooed" the cat out of the kitchen and began her preparations.

Parson Elderkin had been settled in Goshen about three months. He had been "called" to the local pulpit only after the most careful scrutiny of his antecedents, "prospects" and ability by the deacons of the church, aided by their wives and daughters. That he had successfully run the gauntlet of Goshen's canonical inquiry was a fact very much to his credit.

Now, in regard to the propriety of "calling" a young unmarried man to the pulpit of the First Baptist Church, the people of Goshen had been sadly divided. Parson Elderkin was young and unmarried; in fact, he had just graduated from the Haskins Theological Seminary, and, as the dawn of youth was still fresh on his cheek, it was taken for granted by his sharp-featured inquisitors that his heart was free from incumbrances. Small wonder, then, that Mrs. Higgins and other mothers of marriageable daughters warmly espoused his cause, while a second party, composed chiefly of certain maiden ladies who lived only to prevent others from securing what Heaven had denied them, declared with uncalled-for warmth that it was a shame to intrust their spiritual welfare to a mere boy, when Mr. Henry Lawrence, an agile and elderly revivalist, might have been secured for the same "sellery."

And it was on account of this rivalry that the supporters of the young preacher had arranged a donation party in June—an unheard-of thing in Goshen, for at that time all the "men folks" were busy with their haying, while the "women folks" were equally busy with the household duties incidental to the maintenance of the extra "hands." But it was felt that vigorous efforts were necessary to retain their ascendancy, and, as it was decided that a donation party would tend to make the new parson "kinder pop'lar," it was pushed through with the expedition and vigor for which the good wives of Goshen have always been famous.

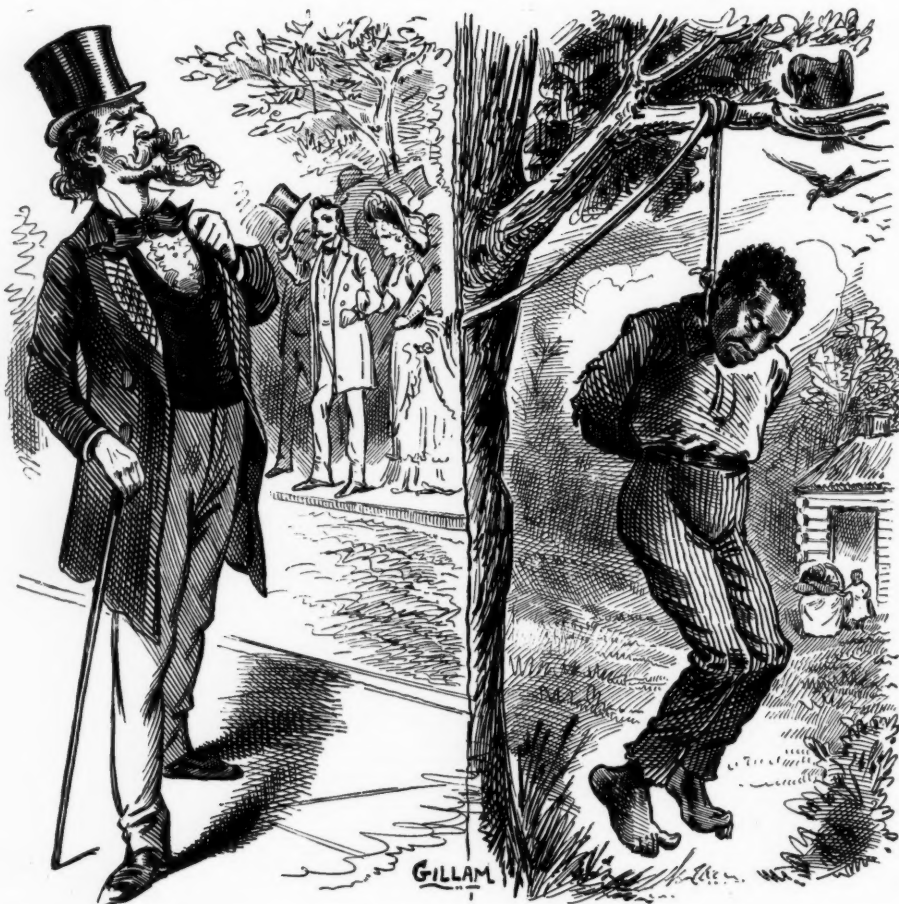
Lish strolled slowly *daown*-street and entered old Gen'l Whitcomb's store. His mouth was ajar; he kept his hands in his pockets as he walked; his face was freckled and his feet bare.

"Mother wants them lemons she ordered this mornin'," said Lish to the aged "Gen'l," who was dozing at his desk.

"There they be, behind them there bresh brooms," replied the store-keeper, barely unclosing his eyes.

It happened that at this moment a tall, angular lady, with black cork-screw curls, a mouth like the seed end of a tomato, and an expression of countenance suggestive of a prolonged diet of quinces, was sniffing at a huge sheet of codfish and haggling over a pound of dried

SOUTHERN CHIVALROUS JUSTICE.



Col. Bluster, having murdered two of his bosom-friends in cold blood, for imaginary offenses, is looked up to as a great man, and the people are proud of him—

Whilst the poor "nigger," only suspected of murder, is promptly hung up and riddled with bullets.

currants with the Gen'l's son. It was Miss Larrabee, the leader of the anti-Elderkin party.

"Why, Lishy, I swan I didn't know ye," she said, tempering the acidity of her face as she spoke: "Goin' ter hev some lemonade over ter yer house ter-day?"

"No," said the boy: "them lemons 's fur the pies mother 's a-bakin' fur the parson's d'nation party."

"Oh! they be, be they? Wall, your mother allers sot great store by her lemon-pies. They's 'nough of the fruit there fur a dozen, seems ter me."

"She ain't a-goin' ter make but six. I seen the plates a-settin' on the dresser 'fore I come away," drawled Lish.

"Eh? Jesso," said Miss Larrabee, reflectively, as the boy took the paper bag in one hand and sauntered out.

"Six lemon-pies, eh!" said the elderly vestal to herself, as she left the store: "I'll make him think there ain't nuthin' but lemon-pies in the caounty."

Although the Parson affected transports of surprise and joy when the members of his flock entered his house and deposited their burdens in the hall, it was evident that he had not been taken wholly unawares, for the "settin'-room" was found to be freshly aired and the pantry-door carefully locked and bolted.

The Parson had been to donation-parties himself in his younger days, and meant to profit by his experience. From his study-window he watched the procession of hungry-looking worshipers; then his lips moved in prayer, and he emerged to greet his friends with well-feigned joy.

"Wall, Parson, we thought we'd kinder come raound 'n' make ye feel more ter hum. The women folks hes made ye some cake 'n' pie 'n' biscuit 'n' one thing 'n' another, just ter show ye that the Goshen people hes some purty good idees abaout eatin'. I says to my gals, says I, 'Yez oughter gin the new Parson a sample o' what ye kin do in the cookin' line,' hey!" and old Silas Pulsifer, the spokesman of the party, leered so suggestively at his daughters that they turned their heads away with a coy and petulant "Law, pa! haow you do go on!"

Then the ladies advanced with their offerings. Mrs. Higgins remained modestly in the background, intending to take the company by surprise with her six magnificent lemon-pies. She was slightly annoyed when her neighbor, Jerushy Spriggins, advanced and placed on the table no less than eight beautiful lemon-pies. She was still more annoyed when Belindy Perkins followed with nine more, and she turned pale with apprehension as she saw each and every member of the opposition deposit from eight to twelve of the golden and white circles of pastry on the Parson's table.

"Naow, then, Sister Higgins; le's see what ye've got there!" exclaimed Miss Larrabee, with a sinister leer: "Land o' Goshen! ef it hain't lemon-pies, tu! Wall, it's lucky there ain't but six on 'em, an' small ones at that. Wall, Parson, I've brought ye some cream-cheese, as I heerd ye was fond on it; but ef it ain't queer haow all them critters come to fix on lemon-pies!"

An exchange says: "New uses are daily discovered for leather." The small boy fervently hopes that the uses will become so numerous that even the sole of a slipper will be turned in another direction.—*New York Com. Advertiser.*

If you want to hide a box of strawberries where the children will never find them, just put them in the bottom of a quart-measure.—*Rochester Express.*

A SAND-WITCH—A pretty girl in bathing-costume.—*Burlington Free Press.*



PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
PICKINGS FROM PUCK

Is selling from Canada
Down to Kentuck;
The newspaper-dealer proclaims he 's in luck
The while he 's disposing of
PICKINGS FROM PUCK—
PUCK, PUCK,
PICKINGS FROM PUCK—
The while he 's disposing of
PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

PUCK, PUCK, PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
On this publication no news-dealer 's stuck;
Yelling and knelling and telling its praises,
His voice from the morn unto even he raises;
Each wise man his gold from his pocket doth pluck
To purchase a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK.
Up on the mountain and down by the sea,
In the back garden and out in the lea,
Up in the sky where the chicken-hawk wings,
In the still wood where the nightingale sings,
Out where the sun like a river divine
Tumbles about on the aloe and vine,
The natives all cry and the chickens all cluck:
"Give me a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
PUCK, PUCK,
PICKINGS FROM PUCK—
Give me a copy of
PICKINGS FROM PUCK!"

The person who buys it and sees the con-tents
Just grins like a griffin, and never laments
The way he invested that twenty-five cents.

THE DEATH OF PONCE DE LEON.

[MSS. found in a bottle at Green Cove Springs, Florida,
and believed to refer to the Iowa Prohibition Law.]

I.
This is to tell you the end of a gay and adventurous
Spaniard,
Leon his patronymic, Ponce his given name;
Great on plum-duff or a handspike, immense on a lar-
board lanyard,
Soldier of Church and the Cross, of Spain and fortune
and fame.
Seeking the Fountain of Youth, he sailed from sacred
Saint Jago.
Such was his innocence holy, he lay his course for the
States;
Meaning to trade with the natives, he brought an assorted
cargo—
Rosaries, relics and rum—regardless of revenue rates.
Ponce was a green young cove, prey to the land specu-
lators;
This is the fountain he found—called, after him,
"Green Cove Springs."
Bunco-steered by land-agents, bugs, beetles, and State
legislators,
Florida runners, Virginia creepers and other things.
A fellow of temper even,
And pleasant address as well,
Helping a friend into heaven,
A mere acquaintance to hell—
He bottled the waters of youth,
Taught savages goodness and truth,
Imported the light of the Cross,
Exported—a doubloon the gross—
The water of Life. Of evil
He 'd none. If he slew, at the worst,
When consigning his foes to the devil,
He always absolved them first.

II.
Our hope had been dazzled and dashed, and little left
behind it;
Years had waxed and waned since we left St. Jago's
shrine,
Still we searched for the fountain, but hanged if we
could find it.
Weak grew our great Captain for want of the immortal
wine.
The Bottling Company (limited) stock still lower was
quoted;
The gentle savage no longer took guaranteed scrip for
sand.
We tried a collateral trust, but that mortgage could not
be floated.
Wearier, hungrier, thirstier grew our little band;
Shaky the great speculation, savage the royal humor—
Even Ponce de Leon's hopes began to sink.
We thought the fountain a fable—a mere room-trader's
rumor—
When at last we reached this longed-for fountain's
brink.

And I said to him: "Ponce," says I—
As we sat on this golden shore,
And he asked me to drink it: "why,
This is water, nothing more!"
And he says to me: "What!" says he:
"The fountain immortal can be
Only water? Leftenant, you lie!"
And I says to him: "Take it and try!"
And a Seminole maiden brought a
Bumper to him in his hat;
And he said to me: "Yes, it is water,
And d—d bad water at that!"

III.
One by one the soldiers took the cup and passed it
Onward, each to each, and set it down untried.
Knowing it by the smell, they did not seek to taste it;
And the Captain, speaking, called me to his side.
"Tell the King to the ground has come the great under-
taking;
All the Springs we 've struck are water—nothing more.
Bugs infest 'em and snakes, their thirst uncultured slak-
ing;
Lying thick on their brinks is the barbarous alligator.
Nothing is left us to drink, nor eau-de-vie nor whiskey.
In this land the mint and julep flower no more."
So great Ponce de Leon, far from his own sweet Biscay,
Felt my answer pierce and cleave him to the core.
And he bowed down his hopeless head
In the drift of the wide world's tide,
And, dying, "It is water," he said:
"It is water!" He said it—and died.
And when the maiden brought up
To us the insipid cup,
We answered, in one breath:
"Remove it; bring us death!"
When Ponce raised his high, sad head
Once more, no soldier replied;
Then, dying, "Thou hast conquered," he said:
"Prohibition!" He said it—and died.
—Life.

CARTORIA.
"Why don't I sleep—what makes I cry?"
Quite well you know, dear Aunt "Fy,"
When sto'n ach' aches and mow' is sour,
And mama sleeps at midnight hour,
Cry I must for sweet CASTORIA,
Same as Auntie gives Victrola.

\$1000 is offered to any charitable institution for every
case of Itching Piles Swayne's Ointment will not cure.

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To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please
hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations
at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to
appear. PUBLISHERS PUCK.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE opens to-day, the Bock-goat is
happy and gay, the summer 's on hand now, and that 's why
Espenscheid's airy straw hats are worn by the very elite, who go
down in state to one-hundred-and-eight-ecn Nassau Street.

WHEN you want
Ginger, don't
ask for Jamai-
ca Ginger or Ginger
but ask for the

GENUINE
PHILADELPHIA
GINGER

MADE BY

Frederick Brown.

It is the **ONLY** re-
liable and **Genuine**
and will give relief

IN
Cramps, Colic,
Stomach-Ache

AND ALL

Stomach Disorders.

REMEMBER!

Always **ASK FOR**

Frederick Brown's

CINCER,

THE GENUINE—PHILAD'A.

"OH, come with me!" cried the stove-pipe hat,
As it danced o'er walk and gutter.
"I can't come now," said the brindle cat,
And her heart was in a flutter.
For was she not to meet the bold bootjack,
And the big brown jug and the heavy plaque,
And the paper-weight and the shot-gun tree,
And the pair of tongs and the overshoe,
And the unlit lamp and the pot of jam,
And the loose door-knob and the flowing dam,
As downward she went roaming
In the gloaming?

"Why do you weep?" asked the clarinet
Of the sprinkling-pot, one day.
"I weep—I weep"—and the tears fell fast—
"I weep to hear you play!"

For the sprinkling-pot, living next door to
A bellows-lunged man, who constantly blew
On the clarinet with monotony,
"Tum-tedle-tedle todle-tadle-tum,"
Had deaf, dumb, blind and lachrymose be-
come,

From the "tedle-tadle-tee"
It could not flee!

—R. J. Burdette, in *Hawkeye*.

THERE is a pretty good joke on a Milwaukee newspaper man who moved on the 1st of May. The gentleman who moved out of the house that the editor moved into left a range in the kitchen for a day or two, for accommodation. The day it was to be sent to the owner the editor sent a nice mess of brook-trout home, and the cook placed them in the oven of the range, which set out-doors, ready to be moved, intending to take them out; but the expressman moved range, trout and all, and the gentleman who owned the range was agreeably surprised, on opening the door, to find so nice a present, and as he and his good people sat down to the dinner of brook-trout they spoke pleasantly of the kind-hearted editor who had sent them the fish. Later in the evening a solitary horseman, bald-headed, and with blood in his eye, might have been seen around the back alley of the house where the range was sent, looking for a chance to steal his brook-trout back, but he had to go home with humility and eat codfish. How full the world is of disappointments!—*Peck's Sun*.

LIBERTY is represented as a female, and yet a woman doesn't have half as much liberty as a man. The proper figure for liberty should be the man who doesn't care a continental about style, and who won't wear a coat and stiffly starched collar during hot weather.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

Angostura Bitters were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.



"I owe my
Restoration
to Health
and Beauty
to the
CUTICURA
REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Bos-
ton lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tor-
tures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by
the **CUTICURA REMEDIES**.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the
blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and
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CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and
Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores,
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site, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin
Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy
Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible
Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.
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son's stock of plain and
fancy**

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as Gold.

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Fine Suits, " " " " 16
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CROWN COLLARS
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An article of Jewelry is the most suitable gift for a lady or gentleman, and this is the best place to buy it.

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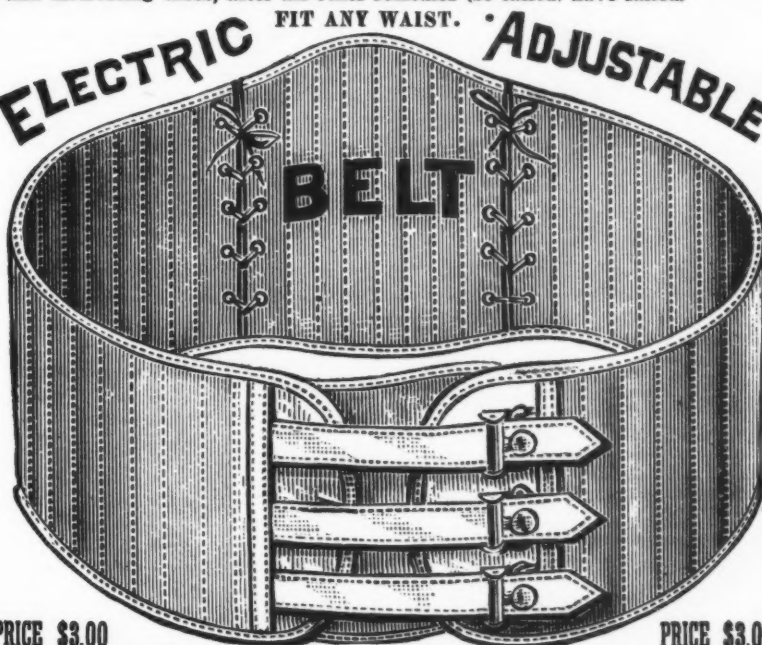
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No pay till cured. Ten
years established, 1,000
cured. State case. Dr.
Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

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Universally Approved by the Leading Physicians as the Best, Safest, and Most Effectual Remedy for Spinal Complaints, Incipient Consumption, Diarrhoea, Pleurisy, Tumors, Asthma, Bronchitis, Epilepsy, Lumbago, Debility, Dropsy, Paralysis, Loss of Voice, Hysteria, Cutaneous Diseases, Nervousness, Indigestion, Palpitation, &c.; and has cured some of the most obstinate and distressing cases, after all other remedies (so-called) have failed.

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FIT ANY WAIST.



PRICE \$3.00

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ITS EXTRAORDINARY CURES ARE TRULY MARVELLOUS.

There is no shock whatever, but a most agreeable feeling enjoyed in wearing them; they can be worn day or night. They are lined with red medicated felt, with saten outside. Being adjustable, this Belt will fit any person.

From C. W. Hornish.

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Dr. Scott, I have spent several hundred dollars in the City of Peoria, doctoring for kidney, liver and nervous diseases, during twelve years, but have received no permanent benefit. I have since worn one of Dr. Scott's Electric Belts, and am entirely cured. I have also found great relief from neuralgia in the use of his Hair Brush.

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The price will be returned in every case where the goods are not as represented. If you will order on these terms, and send us the price, with twenty cents added for packing and registration, we will send it on trial, postpaid—guaranteeing safe delivery into your hands; or ask your dealer for them.

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DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BRUSHES. New prices, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00. } TERMS.

AT THE PLAY.

I hold a bunch of roses in my hand,
And in their snow-white bosoms croon my
love.

I see you, dear, in fair Verona's streets,
Saluting mistress Juliet above
Upon her balcony. Hold! now she's gone!
"Sweet Montague, be true," said Capulet.
Ah, could these roses reach your ear and tell
Their tale, you might break faith with Juliet.
Mary Lawton, in Home Journal.

It is pretty hard to bring up a child to believe that a circus is bad, when Beecher writes to a showman, who gives him a free ticket, and says that the circus is a big thing, and he would like to go once a week. If the greatest preacher in the world wants to go to a circus once a week, why should we fan a boy with a piece of clapboard because he wants to go once a year? Somehow, it is hard to run this world by any regular set of rules or time-cards. It runs itself best.—*Peck's Sun.*

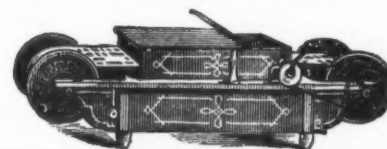
ABOUT this time the shrewd man puts a big dog in his garden to chase away the neighbors' hens, and the dog does it; and the man goes to gaze at the garden at night, and wonders who has driven over it, irregularly, with a horse-rake. *Boston Post.*

PEOPLE at Albany are now putting out their clothes-lines, the Reform Legislature having adjourned.—*Troy Times.*

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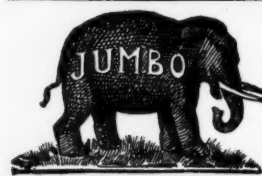
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Material for Costumes, etc.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and 35 outfit free. Address
H. HALLITT & Co., Portland, Maine.

"THERE will be no peaches this year, by-the-way. Frost killed them all—every last solitary peach," the man on the box remarked, with a pathetic inflection in his voice.

"Which frost?" savagely demanded the fat passenger.

"Same old frost," replied the man on the wood-box, sadly.

"Same frost that killed 'em last year, I suppose?" said the cross passenger.

"The same," the man on the wood-box asserted.

"And the one before that again?" the brake-man echoed.

And the man on the wood-box bowed his head in assent.

"Same old frost," he said: "that kills all the apples in Michigan every year, and destroys the ice-crop on the Hudson. I've been a farmer myself, before I reformed, and I've known a snow-storm in Colorado to blight all the sugar-maples in Vermont."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THERE is a man in Illinois who is industriously engaged in hating himself to death. His wife invested two dollars in a lottery ticket, and her husband got mad and boxed her ears and drove her away from home, with no baggage except a change of clothes and the ticket. The ticket drew five thousand dollars, and when he found it out he went to her to tell her how he loved her, and how he had always said she had a great head on her; but she wouldn't have it, and told him to go and soak his head. He says you can't depend on women.—*Peck's Sun.*

A PITTSBURGH paper says: "The Alleghenies broke the ice in the third inning, when Smartwood stepped to the marble, and after getting himself thoroughly planted, smashed the pig-skin for a home-run." There are six months of this sort of thing staring us in the face.—*Rochester Express.*

It looks mighty silly to see a lot of able-bodied men walking along at the tail-end of a funeral procession, when they might better be at work. Still, if we were obliged to go to a funeral at all, we should rather walk behind the hearse than ride in it.—*Marlboro Times.*

"That wonderful catholicon known as Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given the lady a world-wide reputation for doing good. It is like a living spring to the vital constitution. Her Blood Purifier will do more to cleanse the channels of the circulation and purify the life of the body than all the sanitary devices of the Board of Health.

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GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS.

Jersey and Flannel Wrappers, Smoking and Study Jackets, Dress, Boating and Travelling Shirts, Collars, and Cuffs, Silk, Cheviot, and Flannel Pajamas. The Latest novelties in London and Paris Neckwear. Steamer and Bath Robes, Carriage and Lap Rugs, and a fine stock of Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, &c., &c.

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An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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To be had in Quarts and Pints.
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in every Village and
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CHECK CIGAR.

A Marvelous Success!
A 10c. Smoke for 5c.
Attractive advertising
matter free. One profit
saved to the retailer.

For 25c. we will send
to any smoker in the
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SCHNOLL & KRAIG, Indianapolis, Ind.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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Baker's Premium Chocolate, the best preparation of plain chocolate for family use.—Baker's Breakfast Cocoa, from which the excess of oil has been removed, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids.—Baker's Vanilla Chocolate, as a drink or eaten as confectionery is a delicious article; highly recommended by tourists.—Baker's Broma, invaluable as a diet for children.—German Sweet Chocolate, a most excellent article for families.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
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WITH FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN
100-Florins Government Bond,
ISSUED IN 1864.

Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemable in drawings

FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY,

Until each and every bond is drawn, with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw a prize, as there are no blanks. The three highest prizes amount to

200,000 Florins,
20,000 Florins,
15,000 Florins,

And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a Premium of not less than 200 Florins.

The next drawing takes place on the

1st of June, 1883,

and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of June is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders, sent in registered letters enclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.

For orders, circulars, or any other information, address
INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
No. 307 Broadway, cor. Fulton Street, N. Y. City.

[Established in 1874.]

In writing to us, please state you saw this in Puck.

WOMAN'S FRIEND.

Having been troubled for many years with kidney disease, with severe pains in my back and limbs—my ankles were at times very badly swollen—I was advised to go to the hospital for treatment, which I did on the advice of a friend, but found no relief, at least only of a temporary nature, and I had given up all hope of a cure until my husband was advised to use Hunt's Remedy by a friend that had used it and been cured of a severe case of dropsy and kidney trouble. I procured a bottle, and had not used one-half of the bottle before I began to be better, no pain in the back, and the swelling of my limbs commenced to go down, and my appetite was much better, for I had become so bad that all I ate distressed me very much. It was really dyspepsia, combined with the other troubles, and I have used four bottles, and am able to do my work and attend to household duties which before had been a burden to me, and I can only thank Hunt's Remedy for the health and happiness which I now enjoy, and esteem it a great privilege and duty to give you this letter in behalf of my many suffering lady friends in Boston and the country, and can only say in conclusion that if you once try it you will be convinced as I was, even against my own will, that Hunt's Remedy is indeed a woman's friend.

You are at liberty to use this for their benefit if you so choose.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. WM. GRAY,

Hotel Goldsmith, 1416 Tremont Street, Boston.

April 25, 1883.

A BAGGAGE-MASTER'S PRAISE.

Mr. H. BARNY, baggage-master on Eastern Railroad, Boston, says:—

"I have used Hunt's Remedy, the great kidney and liver medicine, in my family for months. It was recommended by friends in Portsmouth who have been cured of kidney troubles, and I find it just as represented and worth its weight in gold. My wife is using it for dyspepsia, and has improved so rapidly that I cheerfully indorse it as a family medicine of real merit, and I would not be without it."

April 27, 1883.

SUMMER STYLES.

If you want to see them,

Buy Ehrichs' Fashion Quarterly.

It is crowded with illustrations.

If you want to read about them,

Buy Ehrichs' Fashion Quarterly.

It gives complete, well-written and interesting descriptions.

If you want to know their cost,

Buy Ehrichs' Fashion Quarterly.

It gives a complete list of the latest New York retail prices.

Only 15 Cents a Copy, or 50 Cents a Year.

Address the publishers,

EHRICH BROS.,

Eight Ave., 24th & 25th Sts., New York.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

NICOLL The Tailor

620 BROADWAY,

And Nos. 139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

BRANCH STORES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.

SPLendid STOCK OF

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS.

Pants to order \$5 to \$10

Suits to order \$20 to \$40

Samples and SELF-MEASUREMENT chart mailed on application.

KIDNEY AND all Urinary troubles quick and safely cured with **DOCUTA SANDALWOOD**. Cures in seven days. Avoid injurious imitations; none but the Docuta genuine. Full directions. Price \$1.50; half boxes, 75 cents. All Druggists.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

A COUNTRY merchant visited the city a few days ago, and purchased from a dollar-store a table-caster, which he took home with him, and, after putting a tag on it marked "\$14," made a present of it to a Methodist preacher, whose church his family attended. The reverend gentleman took the package home, opened it and examined the contents. The next day he took the castor (with the tag attached) back to the groceryman, and said to him:

"I am too poor in this world's goods to afford to display so valuable a castor on my table, and, if you have no objection, I should like to return it and take fourteen dollars' worth of groceries in its stead."

The merchant could do nothing but acquiesce; but fancy his feelings.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

A FLOATING item says that Raum, late Commissioner of Revenue under the Government, collected over eight hundred and fifty million dollars. There is nothing very remarkable in that announcement; but the fact that he turned it all over to the Government in this age of embezzlement, defalcations and swindling makes it an item worthy of attention.—*Peck's Sun*.

THE great Confucius said: "Our greatest glory is not in never falling; but in rising every time we fall." It was with this in view that Tug Wilson worked when Sullivan aimed to knock him out.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

MR. VANDERBILT gone and Jay Gould going? Dear, dear! There won't be any of them left, at this rate, except those of the profession who are engaged at Auburn, Sing Sing and other secluded spots.—*Boston Transcript*.

DR. POTTER, of New York, laments "the decay of enthusiasm." He should watch the small boy on the morning of the circus.—*Hartford Post*.

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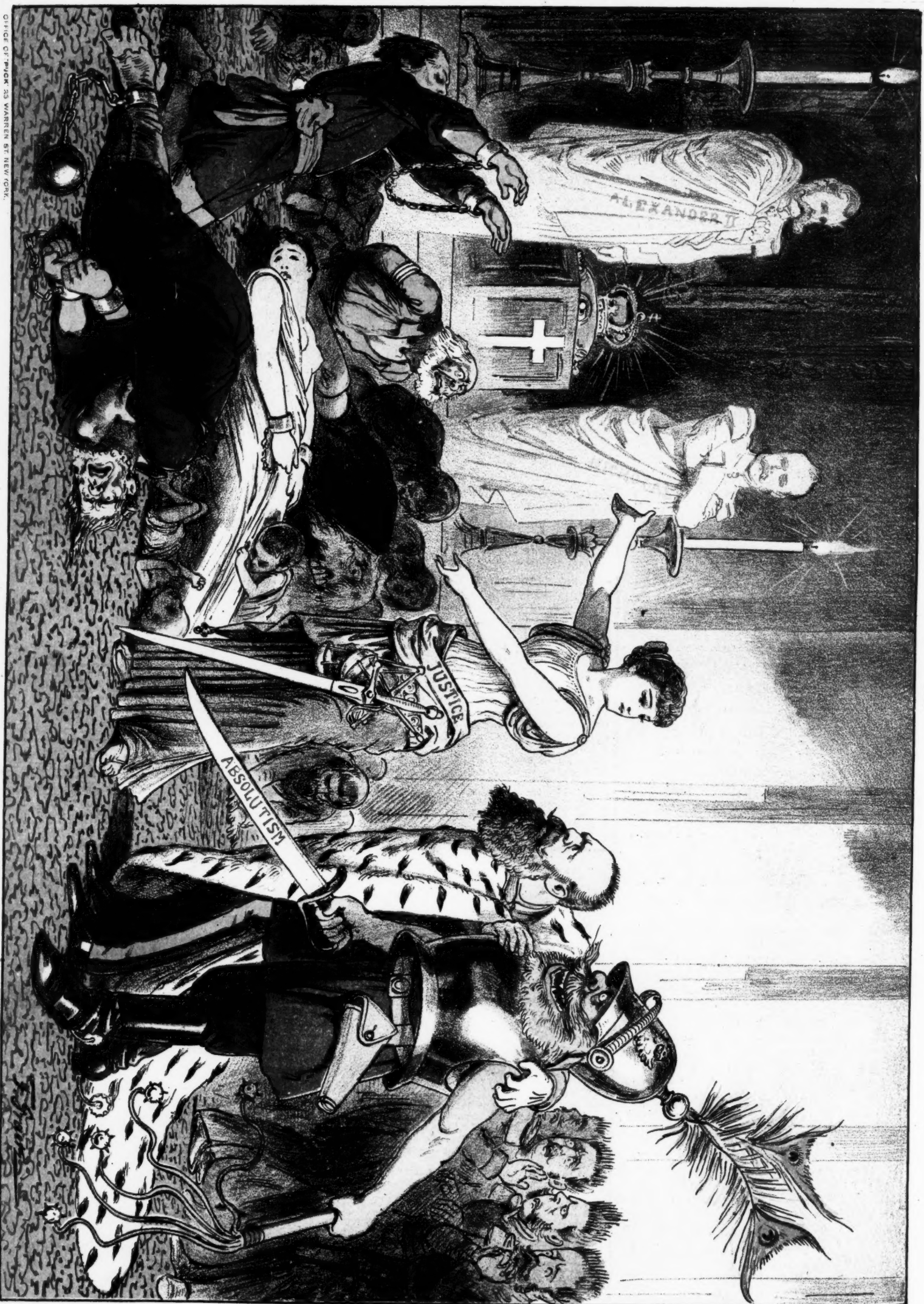
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